



Lady (coming from the sea). "OH! EXCUSE ME—YOU PROBABLY DON'T KNOW, AS YOU'VE ONLY JUST ARRIVED—BUT, ACCORDING TO THE REGULATIONS OF THIS SILLY PLACE, YOU MUSTN'T WALK ACROSS THE BEACH WITHOUT A GARMENT THAT COVERS YOU FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. BEN TILLET now advises the working classes to cultivate a taste for champagne. Our own counsel to them is to rest content with the port of London.

The old oak frigate *Southampton* is being broken up at Blythe, and her timbers are to be utilised for the making of furniture. Very suitable for arm-chair critics who like sitting on the Navy.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER is to open his Shakspearean season with *A Winter's Tale* in September. He might, as far as the weather goes, have started in August.

The regulations for the forthcoming Army manoeuvres mention that there are many acres of small fruit farms through which the troops may not pass, and these will therefore be regarded as "impassable swamps." At the moment of writing it looks as if no great demands will be made on the men's imaginations in this respect.

"The Yarmouth Board of Guardians," a contemporary tells us, "have entered into an agreement with the

corporation to clean up all dirty prisoners at the workhouse at a charge of five shillings a head." But why stop at the head? The difficulty, we presume, is a financial one.

An old newsboy has written a book entitled, "Paper, Sir?" and *The Daily Chronicle* has interviewed him. Among his hobbies, it seems, is stamp-collecting, and he mentioned that a friend of his once bought for a penny a stamp worth two pounds. "But for my part," said the old newsboy, "I have never considered it a right thing to take advantage of people's ignorance regarding the value of things." We should say that this must have handicapped him greatly in his old profession.

Signs that the campaign against the flies is not to be a one-sided affair are accumulating. Millions of flies were reported last week to have suddenly appeared in the Woodford district of Essex. This looks remarkably like a test mobilisation.

Is the confetti custom gradually dying out? We extract the following sentence from a description in a local paper of a recent wedding in the country:—"As they left the church

someone threw a confettum at the happy couple."

After witnessing a music-hall *revue* at Marseilles, MULAI HAFID, pressed for an opinion, stated that he thought it would be a great deal better in the case of many of the ladies if they veiled themselves after the Moroccan custom. We do not like to question the gallantry of a man who must have had so much practice, but it looks as if he were a little lacking in that quality.

A will in rhyme has just been admitted to probate. The news has created the wildest excitement among our minor poets; and solicitors, it is said, have been inundated with applications from songsters clamorous for commissions.

We may heave a sigh of relief. The QUEEN and PRINCESS MARY are back from Germany, and have not been arrested as spies.

The REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S preliminary report for 1911 shows that there were fewer births but more deaths than in 1910. We must extract what satisfaction we can from the fact that there has not been a slump in both directions.

IN MEMORIAM William Booth,

FOUNDER AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

BORN, 1829.

DIED, AUGUST 20, 1912.

As theirs, the warrior knights of Christian fame,
Who for the Faith led on the battle line,
Who stormed the breach and swept through blood
and flame

Under the Cross for sign,

Such was his life's crusade; and, as their death
Inspired in men a purpose pure of taint—
In some great cause to give their latest breath—
So died this soldier-saint.

Nay, his the nobler warfare, since his hands
Set free the thralls of misery and her brood—
Hunger and haunting shame and sin that brands—
And gave them hope renewed.

Bruised souls, and bodies broken by despair,
He healed their heartache and their wounds he
dressed,
And drew them, so redeemed, his task to share,
Sworn to the same high quest.

Armed with the Spirit's wisdom for his sword,
His feet with tidings of salvation shod,
He knew no foes save only such as warred
Against the peace of God.

Scorned or acclaimed, he kept his harness bright,
Still, through the darkest hour, untaught to yield,
And at the last, his face toward the light,
Fell on the victor's field.

No laurelled blazon rests above his bier,
Yet a great people bows its stricken head
Where he who fought without reproach or fear,
Soldier of Christ, lies dead.

O. S.

A FREE SHAVE.

HE was walking up and down the empty shop when I came in. An absent-minded barber, I thought, for when I said, "Shave, please!" as I settled into the chair, he was some moments in showing the alacrity usual in the profession. But his "Certainly, Sir!" when it came, had the right ring of enthusiasm about it, and he bustled in search of a towel as one aroused to some purpose.

"Hot or cold, Sir?" he enquired, as he rammed voluminous folds into the back of my collar. "Cold is said to stimulate the growth of the beard; I will therefore assume that you prefer hot. There are authorities for the other, but the literature of barbering is painfully scanty. SHAW—I am a Shavian of course. . . ."

I groaned.

"Too hot, Sir?" he asked sympathetically. "I think not—but, if so, the temperature will soon fall by evaporation. A little patience—to the philosophic mind. . . ."

"Look here," I expostulated, "can't you fall back upon the weather or something? Your method is too original for this hour of the morning."

"Ah, I feared as much," he said. "My grandmother always would have it that I was original. Fatal, ineradicable gift!"

I looked askance at him; he had found a razor and was moodily stropping it. I checked a craven impulse to snatch

the towel from my neck, wipe off the lather and fly; and the next moment he had begun again.

"The art of conversation," he said, "is one in which, contrary to popular opinion, barbers seldom excel. I begin to perceive that I am no exception to the rule. (Head well back, if you please—I intend to begin at the throat. . . . Nay, do not shrink; my intentions are strictly humane.) I am necessarily unacquainted with your cast of mind; your politics, your entire view of life are unknown to me. (Do you mind if I hold you by the nose? It gives me a certain sense of purchase. Thank you.) All kinds of subtle correspondences might have been possible between us (your beard is a trifle stiffer than mine, I notice); cast away, let us say, upon a desert island, we might achieve the most marvellous interchanges, such as only a HENRY JAMES could do justice to. But, as we are—(No, on second thoughts I think I will adopt a sideways stroke for your upper lip; the nose must be left intact at all costs—a fine feature, Sir, if I may say so)—as we are, I say, with our opportunities of communication so unavoidably restricted, we can barely touch the surface of things. It is very sad. One might almost as well be a dentist. (Keep the mouth closed, if you will be so good)."

He was shaving me with extreme care, but not very expertly, retaining a firm grasp upon my nose, which he used as a convenient lever when he wanted to turn my head from one side to the other.

"I can't if you don't let go of by dose," I said. "Wud bust breathe."

"True. I will hold it higher up. All theories of method must be modified in face of the stern primal necessities of Life. We begin to touch fundamentals after all—but, alas, only when the moment of our parting is near. There—I have finished—and, I am gratified to find, without a single gash. I will not tempt Providence by going over you again; I am sure you will find that short enough for the present fashion. It only remains. . . ."

He was squirting at my face with the spray.

"Here," I said, "you haven't washed off the soap yet."

"Believe me," he rejoined, "it is better thus." He kept the spray going till rivulets of bay-rum and soap were trickling freely into the towel about my neck. "There," he said, "I am sure you will agree with me that that is a method at once more generous and more hygienic. I always prefer to dry my own face; your feeling, no doubt, is the same. Here is a dry towel."

I responded mechanically. My mind refused to deal adequately with this person. I got up in silence and felt in my pocket for pennies.

"No, Sir," he said. "Not on any account. It has been an interesting experience for me—I hope, indeed, for us both—and I could not dream of taking any remuneration. Think of me sometimes—that is all I ask of you."

At this moment a fresh arrival entered. "Beg pardon, gen'lemen," he said, "I must have missed hearing the bell; I was jest getting my dinner. Now, which of you gen'lemen is first?"

"My honour, I think," said the late operator, as he settled himself into the chair I had vacated.

"Shan't be above two minutes, Sir," said the barber, as I reached out for my hat.

"Thanks," I said, "I will forgo the pleasure."

"At time of wiring the Artillery are back in camp, and I am informed that they did better to-day than yesterday. They fired two series of sixty rounds at a Battery of six guns and at an Infantry supposed to have been in a well."—*Ceylon Independent*.

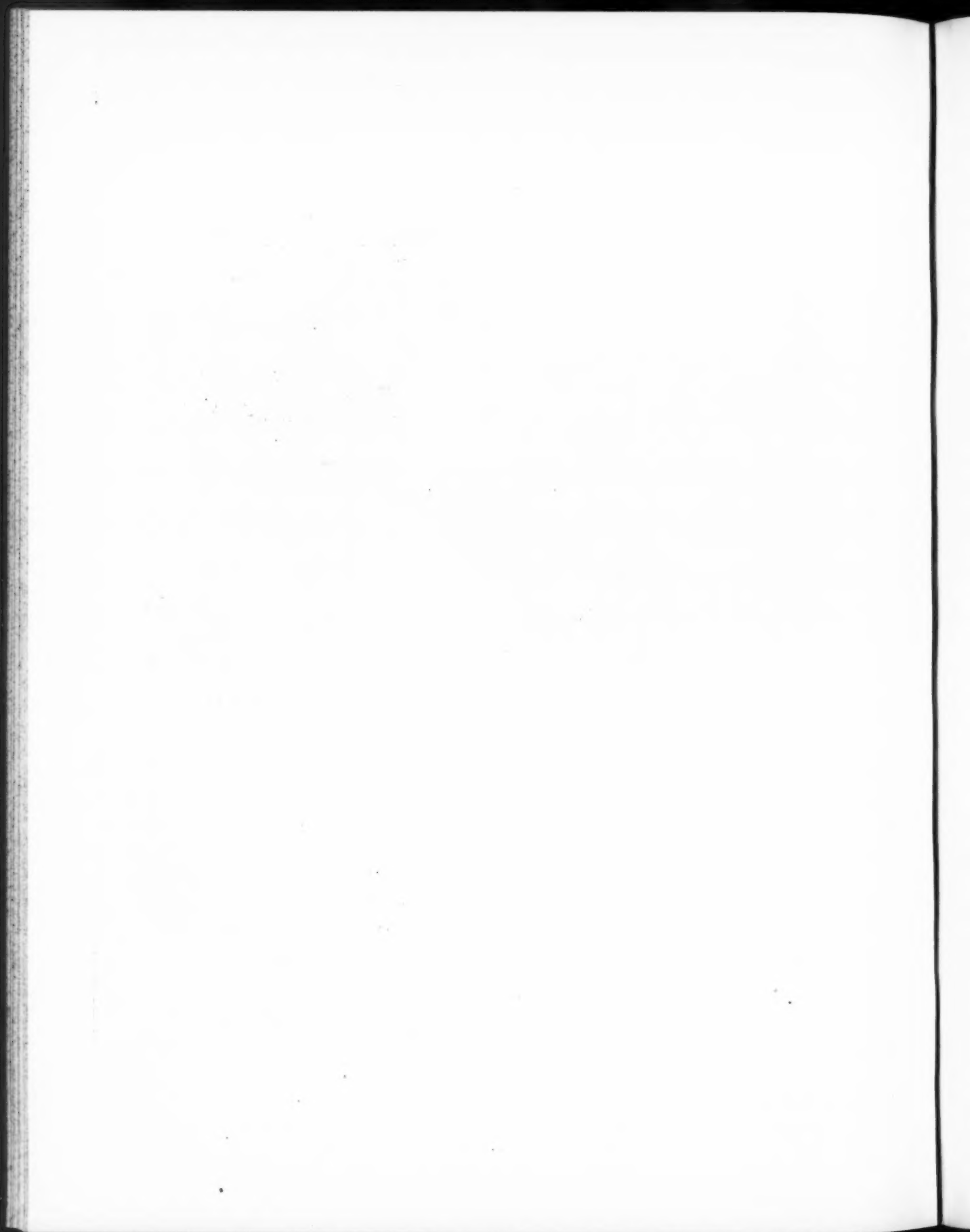
The day before, the infantry had been supposed to be in a balloon, and the results were not so deadly.



A BALKAN DIVERSION.

BULGARIA (to Turkey). "I CHALLENGE YOU TO MORTAL COMBAT!"

TURKEY. "CERTAINLY." (To Italy.) "I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK ME DISCOURTEOUS IF I CANNOT CONTINUE TO GIVE YOU MY UNDIVIDED ATTENTION."





Sympathetic Passenger (towards end of rough cross-channel passage). "YOU MUST FIND YOUR DUTIES VERY UNPLEASANT AND MONOTONOUS?"
Stewardess. "OH, NO, MISS, NOT AT ALL. I LOVE MY WORK."

WHAT OFFERS?

[To be let or sold, a magnificent London opera house; present owner having no further use for it and gone abroad. Suitable for the production of opera melodrama, and for music-hall performances, political meetings or cinematoscope shows. Unrivalled opportunities for getting rid of capital. Immediate possession offered. Apply, HAMAR ANVILSTEIN, New York.]

Some such advertisement as this may shortly be expected, and what will be the response?

DEAR HAMAR,—To a kindred spirit—one who has given Londoners something that was far too good for them and has suffered in consequence—you will, I am sure, give special rates for a tenancy of your commodious theatre. As I have a number of masterpieces in my desk and some real geniuses waiting to perform them, kindly reply at once.

Yours, HERBERT TRENCH.

DEAR SIR,—With a few structural alterations we see our way to convert your opera-house into an excellent motor-garage. Please quote lowest price.

Yours faithfully,
 SUPERFLUOUS TAXI-CAB CO.

DEAR MR. ANVILSTEIN,—Convinced as I am that there are occasions on which the written word needs to be reinforced and driven home by the supplementary magic of oral magnetism, I am thinking of giving a series of daily lectures on the Amazing Developments of *Weltpolitik*, and should be glad to know your terms for a three-months' lease of your opera-house. I should be glad also to come to some arrangement for the employment of your orchestra, as I think the emotional appeal of my lectures would be not a little enhanced by an *obligato* accompaniment of, say, sixteen trumpets, four pairs of cymbals and at least two sets of kettledrums.

Faithfully yours, J. L. GARVIN.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to ascertain whether, on the basis of a year's tenancy, you would be prepared to convert the stage of your opera-house into a tank for the purpose of exhibiting the new model of a battleship which he has recently designed.

Mr. CHURCHILL desires me to add that, at the determination of his

tenancy, he would be very glad to dispose of the model, which, with a few trifling alterations, would serve admirably as *Vanderdecken's* ship in an up-to-date version of the *Flying Dutchman*.

Faithfully yours, E. HOWARD MARSH.

DEAR SIR,—On behalf of the Dress and Diet Inquiry Committee, an unofficial body formed under Government auspices whose aim is to ascertain the exact amount spent on food and clothes by the Upper Ten, I write to know on what terms you would be prepared to grant a lease of your opera-house as the head-quarters of the Committee. The President is Mr. Paul Prior, M.P., and other members are Mr. Uriah Ferritt, Dr. Leonidas Pincher, and Mrs. Bandon-Chadd.

Yours faithfully, G. F. THRUSTON.

DEAR MR. ANVILSTEIN,—Having still the profoundest belief in the merits of *The Children of Don*, which was not rightly appreciated, I should like to take a year's lease of your opera house in order that I may re-mount my little trifle and give the public a real treat.

Yours, HOWARD DE WALDEN.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

Among the brown trout that frequent Shy Corner, few are better known and more respected than Viscount Howietoun and William Smith (one of the Haslemere Smiths). This evening they were lying at the bottom of the chalk stream among the reeds, idly gossiping. It was their custom to meet here most nights of the week and dine together.

To the left of them lay a large flat stone, and the Viscount called his friend's attention to a fat fresh-water shrimp on the top of it. "Help yourself," said he.

"Your shrimp, old man," said William courteously.

"Not for me, thanks. I never take *hors d'œuvres*. . . And now shall we feed? I am feeling peckish." And the two moved slowly up towards the surface.

"Poor cousin Hilda," said William, as he poked his fastidious nose out of the water and absorbed a Blue Winged Olive, "we've seen the last of her."

"Not really?" said the Viscount, as he too helped himself. "I am deeply distressed to hear that. She was a great favourite of mine. How sad! (There is a Pale Watery Dun to your right, if you care for them.) A victim, I suppose, of the eternal feminine curiosity?"

"Yes, poor girl. Anything new and garish attracted her. To me it was always a wonder that she remained with us for so long. I was talking to James, a great pal of hers, an hour or so ago. He was naturally very upset; said she rose to an obvious Wickham, at which he himself had been shrieking with laughter a few minutes before. It was quite unnerving, I'm told, to see the dear girl's shame and annoyance as she rushed past Lady Mary and all her set with the gawdy thing sticking in her mouth."

"Girls will be girls," said the Viscount, "but really the credulity of the young is astounding. . . Have you been pestered with any of the new Halford patterns? See! There's one dropping above you. They get these things up very well nowadays. I could almost imagine a fool of a young fish mistaking that for a real spinner, if he hadn't been about much."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! Look at the palpable cart-ropes attached to it. Trout who are taken in by that sort of

thing deserve all they get. I have no sympathy with the young idiots."

For a while they continued feeding and even lay on a little after the meal was done. But at last there arrived almost on the very nose of William such a mass of fuzz and feather as was an insult to any experienced and intelligent fish. Genial and lazily pleasant about most things, there was one thing that these two old cronies could not tolerate, and that was any reflection upon the wariness of which they proudly boasted.

"This," said William, "is beyond a joke. It is an affront."

"More," replied the Viscount, "it is

comatose silence; "why don't we come here oftener?"

William let his friend talk on.

"There is a pleasant something about the water that appeals to me. Is it not a movement, a curious sort of ripple? Do you notice it?"

William shook his tail in a lazy negative.

"I am indeed in a mood to imagine pleasant things" (the Viscount was getting garrulous, in a happy and sleepy sort of way), "but I don't think that I am imagining this. The water does indeed vibrate around one, in a manner which is both refreshing and soothing. Surely you must feel it?"

But William did not answer, being almost asleep. The two were now lying in Indian file, William a yard or two in front of his friend. Asleep or not, it was too much bother to turn round. But the genial effect of having dined prevented the Viscount either from being offended or from ceasing his soliloquy. "Delicious," he murmured, "gradually increasing and quite delicious. We must certainly come here again. Assuredly, my dear fellow, you must observe it now. It is too distinct to be mistakable. A current, I have no doubt. How it flutters round one! One might almost imagine that one was being . . ."

There was a sudden disturbance of the water and then silence. . .

William awoke with a jerk; very nearly, but not quite, sufficiently startled to look round and see what on earth his friend was doing. Had he looked round, he would have seen that his friend was no longer there.

"I wish you wouldn't make such a noise about settling down to sleep," said he, almost irritably. "I was just going off, and you woke me up. . . By Jove, though, I'm not so sure that I wouldn't just as rather be awake. . . Now I come to think of it, I do notice a pleasant something about this water. . . This is distinctly good. . . The sensation is much as you describe it. . . A delicious tremor of the stream, which seems to be increasing very gradually, to be coming, as it were, nearer one. . . I am enjoying myself enormously. One could, as you were saying, almost imagine that one was being very gently and carefully and tactfully . . . how shall I say? . . . tickled. . ."



TRAINED PUTTEE DOGS.

JUST THE THING FOR GENTLEMEN WHO STOOP WITH DIFFICULTY.

disgusting impertinence. As if such old campaigners as ourselves would mistake that for a fly! . . . Let us leave the place." So the two dropped back to a spot under the low shelving bank, where the branches of an overhanging tree protected them from being molested by such abominations.

They had much to talk about, these two—the lucky and hair-breadth escapes of their first youth, the innumerable instances of the skill and superiority of their more mature years. The longer the conversation continued the more personal it became: the more personal, the more self-satisfied. There was only one fly that could hope for their attention, they agreed, and that was a fly which was born and not made.

"This is a very pleasant spot," said the Viscount, after a little while of

THE CONQUERING TOUCH.

WHEN I became engaged to Fred
I realized he was a nut,
His hair lay plastered on his head,
His coats were of the latest cut,
His socks were silk, his footwear
(brogued)
Paid tribute to the best of blacking,
Yet our engagement I prorogued,
For still there seemed a something
lacking.

I had no quarrel with his eyes,
His finger-nails were well preserved,
Alluring was his taste in ties,
His figure slim, yet nicely curved ;
His wit, I'm glad to say, was tame
(I shy at brains when over-rapid),
Yet it annoyed me all the same
That Frederick's face should be so
vapid.

Until he spent a week at Ryde,
And how, on his return, I thrilled !
The blank expression I decried
Had, in the interim, been filled ;
One inch of auburn whisker lay
On either cheek in chaste equation,—
I lifted mine and named the day
Without the smallest hesitation.

A HINT FOR PUBLISHERS.

UNDER the heading "Corsican Shooting Mystery," *The Daily Chronicle*, after giving the details of a mysterious attempt to murder the British Vice-consul at Bonifacio, continues: "The district in which the affair took place is that in which the scene of H. Seton Merriman's Corsican vendetta story, 'The Isle of Unrest,' is laid."

This geographical method of advertising works of fiction suggests developments which we have endeavoured to forecast in the following announcements:—

"While assisting at a water carnival at Biarritz, Lord FitzBoodle, one of the recent Liberal creations, was upset in his motor-catamaran and rescued with some difficulty by a gallant Basque mariner named Pierre Aroztegu Arrozagaray, of Zugarramurdu."

What lends peculiar interest to the incident is the fact that one of the scenes in Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX's new novel, *The Purple Cumberbund*, is laid at Bayonne, which is only a few miles from the scene of the disaster."

"Sir Albert Blond, while recently stalking capercaillie on his deer forest in the isle of Skye, was suddenly assaulted by a peat-hag of the most truculent demeanour, and, had it not been for the prompt intervention of his head-gillie, Donald MacSlazenger, might have suffered serious injuries. As



(Vicar, having exhausted himself in the effort to interest London gutter-snipes in country scenes, suggests a game of cricket.)

Chorus. "WHY, MISTER, YOU AIN'T GOT NO BLOOMING LAMP-POST."

The New Mission.

"Kindly recommend a sincere Christian Gardener: Couple of Jersey Cows kept."
Church Times.

A magistrate has remarked that anyone objecting to a law should alter it by constitutional means, or emigrate.

"If he were a man of substance it did not much matter where he went, whether to the Far East or to islands occupied by anthropophagi."

All the same, we should advise men of substance to keep away from these anthropophagi. Thin men may please themselves.

"He had fourteen hunters, one game cock, a motor-car, three four-wheeled buggies, and a sulky, all painted yellow."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*
There is a sameness about his treatment of the fourteen hunters which does not indicate the inspired artist.

it was, though somewhat shaken, Sir Albert had so far recovered on Sunday last as to partake of a little caviare beaten up in *crème de menthe*.

It has been a great source of consolation to the illustrious invalid to learn that the scene of his accident is immortalised in Mr. JOSEPH HOCKING's new novel, *The Skye Pilot*."

"While fishing for tarpon off the coast of Florida, Lord Southbluff was enveloped last week in a water-spout, and narrowly escaped drowning. Fortunately the wings of his pluvioscute held him up until he was taken off by an American battleship.

By a strange coincidence Florida, off the coast of which Lord Southbluff met with this alarming experience, is the scene of Mr. Bax Emberton's forthcoming romance, *The Orangemen of the New World*.

THE HEIR.

IV.—HE IS CHRISTENED.

On the morning of the christening, as I was on my way to the bathroom, I met Simpson coming out of it. There are people who have never seen Simpson in his dressing gown; people also who have never waited for the sun to rise in glory above the snowcapped peaks of the Alps; who have never stood on Waterloo Bridge and watched St. Paul's come through the mist of an October morning. Well, well, one cannot see everything.

"Hallo, old chap!" he said. "I was just coming to talk to you. I want your advice."

"A glass of hot water the last thing at night," I said, "no sugar or milk, a Turkish bath once a week and plenty of exercise. You'll get it down in no time."

"Don't be an ass. I mean about the christening. I've been to a wedding, of course, but that isn't quite the same thing."

"A moment, while I turn on the tap." I turned it on and came back to him. "Now then, I'm at your service."

"Well, what's the—er—usual costume for a christening?"

"Leave that to the mother," I said. "She'll see that the baby's dressed properly."

"I mean for a godfather."

Dahlia has conveniently placed a sofa outside the bathroom door. I dropped into it and surveyed the dressing-gown thoughtfully.

"Go like that," I said at last.

"What I want to know is whether it's a top-hat affair or not?"

"Have you brought a top-hat?"

"Of course."

"Then you must certainly—— I say! Come out of it, Myra!"

I jumped up from the sofa, but it was too late. She had stolen my bath.

"Well, of all the cheek——"

The door opened and Myra's head appeared round the corner.

"Hush! you'll wake the baby," she said. "Oh, Samuel, what a dream! Why haven't I seen it before?"

"You have, Myra. I've often dressed up in it."

"Then I suppose it looks different with a sponge. Because——"

"Really!" I said as I took hold of Simpson and led him firmly away; "if the baby knew that you carried on like this of a morning he'd be shocked."

Thomas is always late for breakfast. Simpson on this occasion was delayed by his elaborate toilet. They came in last together, by opposite doors, and stood staring at each other. Simpson

wore a frock-coat, dashing double-breasted waistcoat, perfectly creased trousers and a magnificent cravat; Thomas had on flannels and an old blazer.

"By Jove," said Archie, seeing Simpson first, "you are a ——" and then he caught sight of Thomas. "Hul-lo!" His eyes went from one to the other, and at last settled on the toast. He went on with his breakfast. "The two noble godfathers," he murmured.

Meanwhile the two godfathers continued to gaze at each other as if fascinated. At last Simpson spoke.

"We can't both be right," he said slowly to himself.

Thomas woke up.

"Is it the christening to-day? I quite forgot."

"It is, Thomas. The boat-race is to-morrow."

"Well, I can change afterwards. You don't expect me to wear anything like that?" he said, pointing to Simpson.

"Don't change," said Archie. "Both go as you are. Mick and Mack, the Comedy Duo. Simpson does the talking while Thomas falls over the pews."

Simpson collected his breakfast and sat down next to Myra.

"Am I all right?" he asked her doubtfully.

"Your tie's up at the back of your neck," I said.

"Because if Dahlia would prefer it," he went on, ignoring me, "I could easily wear a plain dark tweed?"

"You're beautiful, Samuel," said Myra. "I hope you'll look as nice at my wedding."

"You don't think I shall be mistaken for the father?" he asked anxiously.

"By Peter? Well, that is just possible. Perhaps if——"

"I think you're right," said Simpson, and after breakfast he changed into the plain dark tweed.

As the hour approached we began to collect in the hall, Simpson reading the service to himself for the twentieth time.

"Do we have to say anything?" asked Thomas, as he lit his third pipe.

Simpson looked at him in horror.

"Say anything? Of course we do! Haven't you studied it? Here, you'll just have time to read it through."

"Too late now. Better leave it to the inspiration of the moment," I suggested. "Does anybody know if there's a collection, because if so I shall have to go and get some money."

"There will be a collection for the baby afterwards," said Archie. "I hope you've all been saving up."

"Here he comes!" said Simpson,

and Peter Blair Mannering came down the stairs with Dahlia and Myra.

"Good morning, everybody," said Dahlia.

"Good morning. Say 'Good morning, Baby.'"

"He's rather nervous," said Myra. "He says he's never been christened before, and what's it like?"

"I expect he'll be all right with two such handsome godfathers," said Dahlia.

"Isn't Mr. Simpson looking well?" said Myra in a society voice. "And do you know, dear, that's the third suit I've seen him in to-day."

"Well, are we all ready?"

"You're quite sure about his name?" said Archie to his wife. "This is your last chance, you know. Say the word to Thomas before it's too late."

"I think Peter is rather silly," I said.

"Why Blair?" said Myra. "I ask you."

Dahlia smiled sweetly at us and led the way with P. B. Mannering to the car. We followed . . . and Simpson on the seat next the driver read the service to himself for the last time.

* * * * *

"I feel very proud," said Archie as we came out of the church. "I'm not only a father, but my son has a name. And now I needn't call him 'er' or 'I say' any more."

"He was a good boy, wasn't he?" said Myra.

"Thomas, say at once that your godson was a good boy."

But Thomas was quiet. He looked years older.

"I've never read the service before," he said. "I didn't quite know what we were in for. It seems that Simpson and I have undertaken a heavy responsibility; we are practically answerable for the child's education. We are supposed to examine him every few years and find out if he is being taught properly."

"You can bowl to him later on if you like," said Archie.

"No, no. It means more than that." Returned to Dahlia. "I think," he said, "Simpson and I will walk home. We must begin at once to discuss the lines on which we shall educate our child."

A. A. M.

"A school nurse, says a London County Council report, has a collection of wire nails which boys used instead of trousers."

Yorkshire Evening News.

After reading this we tried all the usual tests, but there seemed to be nothing the matter with us. We print it, however, entirely without prejudice and cannot be held responsible for its doctrine.



A RED-CROSS DEMONSTRATION.

Boy-Scout (acting realistically as one of the injured). "GIVE MY LOVE TO MY WIFE AND CHILDREN AND SAY MY LAST THOUGHTS WERE OF THEM."

A FLORAL TRIBUTE.

(Culled from an authentic paean by a Swiss Hotel Proprietor.)

THE village of St. Pierre is situated at a height of 1675 m. above sea. It is gently exposed to the full sun on a little hill flank, in the middle of fat and nice smelling meadows, surrounded with dark forests of fir and lark-trees with balsamic scent.

It is the railway station of S. . . . which makes the service for the valley of A. . . . From S. . . . a carriage lets in three hours to V. . . .; from there you go to St. Pierre through savage and also charming, but always profoundly excitable sites. From V. . . . a path for mule, cranking in the hill, lets to St. Pierre in a little hour, until we get the funiculaire. On that day which is not very far off, the Hotel shall have to widen her winks, and open her doors very large.

Nothing is more pleasant in its shape of pure soil than the defaced cottages of St. Pierre made brown by the sun and the sunburnt mountain, perched on their thick wooden base like cocks

on their spurs, and from the top of their belvidere seeming to throw over the valley their astonished looks.

St. Pierre has conserved its vulgar old bake-house of the common, where the eighty families of the place have their bread baked on each turn, two families for every twenty-four hours and three times a year.

As for the watering of their meadows, in a place where rain is rare, the Pierrons were obliged to have recourse to the establishment of artificial lakes which are no less than little marvels of primif art, realised with the courage, the strength and the audaciousness.

The surroundings of St. Pierre offer ravishing walks: first of all the Pierre des Sauvages, ten minutes above the village, immense erratic block of a hundred metre cubes volume, holed by a quantity of druidic bowls of a real historic interest.

The Mills on the way to the Weissborn in a idyl little valley, where the torrent of St. Pierre snorts in its stony bed, along of old tumbling down cottages. Their venerable sawyer, Joseph Zufferey, happier than the miller of

sans-soucis, ended peacefully his old days, in 1910, 86 years old, no mortal having never thought of troubling his little solitude. O happy mortal!

* * * * *

But there we are already very far from St. Pierre, our centre of radiation, where we shall return through the way of the Thalweg. The beautiful terrace of the Hotel appears behind its row of service trees, fresh and folded, whose coral berries wave softly under a lukewarm scented evening zephyr.

We have arrived at our point of departure, happy return to the port of salvation, where, after the emotions of the day, we feel so comfortably to taste the true native hospitality.

"They ran a neck and neck race home, Fleming winning by 25 yards."

Manchester Courier.

FLEMING must be a bit of a giraffe.

"John Calvin Browne of America discussed Mr. Hammerstein's failure to fill the London Opera House with an Evening News representative."—Evening News.

Unfortunately Mr. CHESTERTON was not available for the experiment.



Brown. "NOT SO COLD AS IT WAS THIS MORNING."

Jones. "NO; IT WAS THIS MORNING, THOUGH!"

MR. PUNCH'S SILLY SEASON CORRESPONDENCE.

WHY DO WOMEN MARRY?

DEAR SIR,—I married him because he said he would commit suicide if I did not oblige him in this matter. Judge of my annoyance on discovering, with further knowledge of him, that he would not have had the courage to do it.

DEAR SIR,—I married my dear husband because I thought it so sweet of him to ask me.

DEAR SIR,—I married because one cannot get divorced without being married. I may add that I am a popular actress.

DEAR SIR,—I married him because, if I had not done so, a certain odious girl friend of mine would have.

DEAR SIR,—I did it when that horrid Mr. ASQUITH and his men were going about the country holding the Lords up to contempt. I was having a great success in *The Bun-Shop Girl* at the time, and one of them proposed to me. Well, I have a large heart (ask the other boys), and the poor pariah pleaded so earnestly that I resolved to forget the difference in our positions.

DEAR SIR,—My marriage was, in a way, a sort of accident. My sisters and I drew lots for the Curate, and I got him.

DEAR SIR,—Mine was a May and December wedding, and I am sorry to say that December is not playing the game, but is proving astonishingly long-lived. This is the sort of thing that makes Suffragettes of us.

LINER LYRICS.

I.—THE CAPTAIN.

A HERO, built of stalwart stuff
Beneath the gilt and braid,
At times immoderately bluff,
At times supremely staid,
A martinet who's feared by all
Who serve him on the seas,
He lets the little children play
About his spacious knees.

At meals, blue-garbed, he never quails,
Although he knows by rote
The hyper-nauseating tales
That Anglo-Indians quote;
Though bored with all we have to say,
He never tries to stem
Our talk of precedence or pay,
Of leave or *sub pro tem*.

The flying fish, the sharks and dhows
We sight with eager zest
No longer have the power to rouse
Emotions in his breast;
Porpoise and phosphorus shall cloy
And never a view shall please
Till winches creak again for joy
At sight of homeland quays.

His brow reflects the storms of years,

His eyes the nights of watch,
His speech may grate on Southern ears
That are not schooled to Scotch;
Relic of days when hearts were stout
And 'prentices were keen,
He holds depressing views about
The Mercantile Marine.

He seeks not wealth, for stock and share
Must seem the merest dross
To one who knows exactly where
To find the Southern Cross;
Our card-room gains, the daily stakes
We hold upon the run,
What can they mean to one who takes
His bearings by the sun?

No worldly wisdom mars his mind,
No passions rend his heart,
Trained in a school of wave and wind
He lives aloof, apart;
A Celt, prepared at need to fend
For ship or faith or clan,
Whom close acquaintance proves a
friend
And tragedy a man. J. M. S.

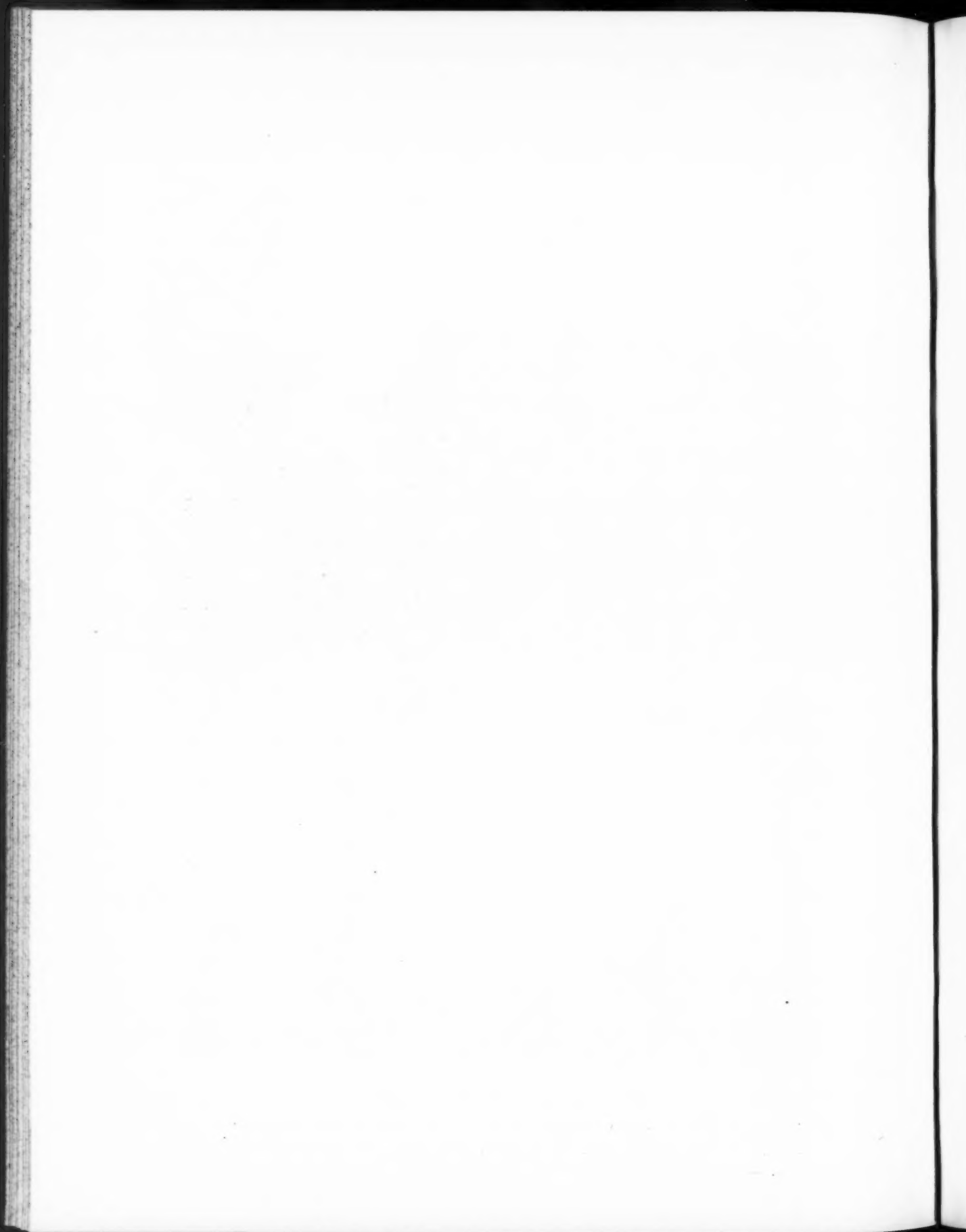
"A helmet believed to have belonged to a member of Cromwell's forces during the Civil War has been unearthed near Shepperton-on-Thames. It has a dent in the right-hand side about 3in. long, which has the appearance of having been caused by a pike."—*Daily Mail*.
Really, these Thames fish are very voracious.



MUTUAL SYMPATHY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "BAD WEATHER FOR THE LAND, I'M AFRAID."

BRITISH FARMER. "YES; YOU'D BETTER TRY TAXING WATER-VALUES."



THE HISTORIC DRAMA.

ANTICIPATIONS of the success of the new historical play at a West End theatre which are being allowed to steal into the Press so unassumingly have sent many of our managers and dramatists to history in search of similarly promising material, with a few results that can already be announced.

Under the title of *The White Ship* Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER is placing on the stage of the St. James's a realistic version of the tragedy of the ill-fated Young Prince WILLIAM who, it will be recollected, went down in a vessel of that name. The Second Act will witness the shipwreck, and the ship will be an exact copy of the *White Heather* lent for the purpose by Mr. MYLES KENNEDY. This touch, it is thought, will extend the interest of the play by capturing the sympathies of yachtsmen, who are not at present the most assiduous of playgoers. The Third Act will illustrate HENRY I.'s inability to smile again after the calamity, and in order to emphasise the uncompromising nature of his grief a number of our funniest comedians have been engaged to fire jokes at the bereaved monarch. Thus we shall have the spectacle of a house and stage in roars of laughter with the exception of one impassive royal figure. The final tragedy of the King's death from a surfeit of lampreys is expected to be one of the most striking gastronomic scenes ever placed upon the stage. Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER has no part in the play himself, but he will keep in the closest touch with the theatre during the run and, if necessary, take another house for a play in which he has scope for all his varied gifts.

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, it is said, will return to London management with an exciting drama entitled simply *Clarence*, the hero of which is the luckless prince who met his death by drowning in a butt of malmsey. Special attention to historical detail is promised, and those who remember the bathing scene in *Kismet* will not need to be reminded of Mr. ASCHE's thoroughness. The butt is to be immense—a great tun of Heidelberg in short—and real malmsey, procured at an enormous cost, will fill it, electrically heated so that the actor who takes *Clarence's* part may not catch cold. Into this butt nightly (and at matinées) will the Duke fall. By a happy thought, natural to Mr. ASCHE, Mrs. KENNERLEY RUMFORD has been engaged to sing a descriptive solo after each fall of the curtain, as was done in *Kismet* with such acceptance; while during the catastrophe she will sing all the time. Mr. ASCHE will have no part in the



First Tripper (after lengthy survey of second ditto). "YOU 'AS GOT A HUGLY FACE, 'ASN'T YOU, MATE?"

Second Tripper. "COVN'T DO NUFFIN' ABAHT IT."

First Tripper. "YOU MIGHT 'AVE STOPPED AT 'OME, TROUGH."

play himself, but he intends to keep his eye closely on the theatre and, if needful, to take another in which to delight London audiences with a sight of his own robust talents.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES is rapidly completing his plans for a musical comedy written around the life and times of KING JOHN, which is due at the Gaiety before long. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH is, of course, the author, while the part of *King John* falls to Mr. EDMUND PAYNE. The first scene is the island of Runnymede. Here much play will be made with the Barons, who are to be impersonated by some of the smartest younger sons of London (most of whom have failed as motor-car salesmen). In the interest of Gaiety stallites an equal number of Baronesses has been added to the scene, and the signing of Magna Charta promises to go with a bang. The Second Act will be even funnier, for it will deal with KING

JOHN's loss of all his clothes in the Wash. The Baronesses here become laundry maids, chief of whom is Miss CONNIE EDISS, and Mr. EDMUND PAYNE's drollery with them can easily be conceived.

Mr. BOURCHIER's next appearance as a manager will be with a sensational drama on the subject of ALFRED THE GREAT. Here his author has found scope for much entertainment and variety, and no money will be spared in the mounting. The cakes burned by the absent-minded King will, for example, be supplied fresh every evening by a famous firm not a hundred miles from Berkeley Square, while a company of genuine Danes from Copenhagen, among whom will be found the inimitable GENÉE as a *vivandière*, are to take part in the battle of Ethandun. There is unfortunately no part for Mr. BOURCHIER, since KING ALFRED is shown as a clean-shaven man, in accordance with

the very latest theories on that point as evolved at Oxford (the University of which this popular and vigorous actor-manager is an M.A.), but he intends to keep in close touch with the theatre during the run and, if needful, take another house in which to figure in a rôle of strong bearded interest, probably *The Oyster Bed*, by a native author of promise.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, to whose prescience we are indebted for the introduction of *Bunt* to the London stage, is already contemplating the production of a successor to that enormously popular specimen of Scots domestic drama. The subject, which is being manipulated by Messrs. GRAHAM MOFFAT and HARRY LAUDER in collaboration, deals with the famous historical episode of BRUCE and the Spider, and no expense will be spared to secure entomological verisimilitude in its presentation. Magnificent specimens of the *Tegenaria domestica* have been secured and are being carefully trained under the most favourable conditions, the ultimate selection depending on a competition in web-spinning, to be carried out under the supervision of a committee of arachnologists. Although there is no part in the drama for Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, who unfortunately has a great dislike of spiders, the famous actor-manager is resolved to keep a vigilant eye on its preparation and, if necessary, take another theatre in which he will appear in a piece of a less predominantly zoological interest.

FURTHER MEDITATIONS IN A BUTT.

[* Denotes the shots of the speaker; † those of the other guns.]

WELL, here we are. 'S far as I remember it's a pretty long wait. Time for half a pipe, I expect. *(He deposits his impedimenta on the edge of the butt and sits down on the heather with his back to it.)* Fine view down the line from here. Must say I like an end butt. Bar the chance of plugging a flanker it leaves you free to follow 'em through on one side any way. Let's see who's next to me. Archie, by Jove. Don't altogether care about having a schoolboy in the next butt: reckless young devils, as a rule. If he follows his birds through me he'll hear about it. Pretty conspicuous up here. It won't do to give myself away. Hullo, was that some one whistling? *(Starts up as a fine covey of grouse passes within six feet of his head.)* Confound it, caught napping that time! *(Tumbles hastily into his place and seizes his gun.)* Does make one look a fool, that sort of thing. I expect they'll rub it into me at lunch. *(Lays out cartridges on his*

"fortification" and pulls his cap over his eyes: a pause of fully twenty minutes.) Needn't have been in quite such a hurry to knock out my pipe after all. † † † † Hullo, there's something on the move at last. Wind's all wrong for this butt to-day. Don't suppose I shall get a single shot. † † † † There they go, swinging down the line. Just my luck! † † † They turn off every time. That's the worst of the end butt. You never get much shooting. I hate an end butt. † † † † It's particularly sickening really, because I know I'm in form. Dead certain of it. I feel it in my bones. Surely this time? No, there they go again. † † Archie's not doing so badly for a kid. † † † I am out of the game. I wonder why in the world they put me in this butt. Rotten bad management I call it. That keeper never did manage this drive well. And I know I can hit 'em. This is one of my good days. I'm deadly. I'm sure I'm deadly. Only give me a chance. † † † † Steady! Here they are. Rippers: miles high: coming straight over. Steady! *(Rapidly.)* Don't get behind 'em. Keep well in front: well in front: yards in front. * * There! Didn't I tell you? Magnificent! Here they come again. Higher than ever. *(Sets his teeth.)* Keep in fr— * * By Jove that was a thundering bird! Hope those fellers down the line saw that. *(Exultantly.)* One of my best. Absolutely one of my very best. † † What a glorious game it is! Always said there was no finer sport in the world than grouse-driving. Come on, you beggars, I'm ready for you. The more the merrier. This is one of the days when I simply don't miss. *(Pause.)* What a topping moor it is! Jolly cheap at the rent he pays for it. *(Pause.)* Nailing cartridges these are. I must write for another thousand. *(Pause.)* Must say that keeper understands his job. They are coming splendidly over the guns. † † † † Here we are: skimming low: straight at me. *(Rapidly and feverishly.)* What was it Bowker was saying in the smoking-room last night? That the way to kill this sort was to aim at their feet, to keep under 'em, under 'em, under 'em, un— * * Never touched a feather! Here's another lot. Steady. Keep well un— * * † † Why, what was wrong? Most extraordinary. Certain I was well under 'em that time. I wonder if Bowker knows anything about it? Perhaps he was pulling my leg. † † † † † † † † Wish to Goodness that lot had swung a bit higher up. After all I only have a brace down so far. Ha, here's a nice, crossing shot. A fair sitter. But don't be over confident:

don't be over c— * * How on earth? † † Archie wipes my eye does he? I'll teach him to grin at me. * * Botched 'em again. This is awful. This is incredible. I wonder what the other men are thinking of me. I do hate shooting with these first-class shots. Always make a fool of myself: stamp myself. Here's another chance. * * Confound it! I'm blowed if I understand that. And here comes the big pack. Must make sure of a brace this time. Steady, now, steady! † † † † * * † † *(Uses violent language.)* † † * * *(Loads feverishly.)* † † * * † † *(Uses disgraceful language.)* I suppose it must be these vile cartridges. I'll have no more of 'em. But this is awful—too absolutely awful! *(The mist begins to descend.)* How filthy cold it is! It's so horribly exposed on this rotten moor. *(Rain begins to fall.)* And I've left my cape in the motor. *(Stamps about to keep warm.)* Here's a high lot again. I'm all right on that sort any way. * * Miles behind 'em again, I suppose. *(Despair enters into his heart.)* What a rotten vile game grouse-driving is! The only form of shooting that ever bores me—cooped up in a beastly sodden butt, in an easterly blizzard, with frozen hands and rheumatism hatching in your left shoulder, on the off-chance of getting a few hopelessly wild birds driven at you. *(Wearily.)* Here they come again. * That bird looked about the size of a calf through the mist. And still I couldn't hit it. *(The rain gets heavier.)* † † † † *(Blowing on his fingers.)* Here's another lot. * * No earthly use! *(In deepening gloom.)* Wish to goodness I was out of this. * * *(He sinks to the final depth of despair.)* I hope no more of the — things will come my way. *(Angrily.)* I can't hit 'em, and I'm sick of missing 'em, and I don't want 'em. Surely that was some one whistling? Don't come this way, you beasts. Go down the line. I don't want you. † † † † † † Will this rotten drive never be over? *(Pause: the rain stops and the mist suddenly rises: the beaters appear within two hundred yards: some of the Guns are already preparing to leave the butts: he stretches himself drearily.)* Well, it's over any way. *(He is about to leave his butt when an old black-cock comes up the line, very high with the wind behind him.)* Go away, you brute! No, he's coming on. I suppose I shall have to fire at him, with the whole crowd looking on. After all there's always an off-chance that he may get a stray pellet in the eye. * *(The bird falls.)* Thank Heaven! *(Fervently.)* That's some relief! *(He leaves his butt in a mood of temperate gratitude.)*

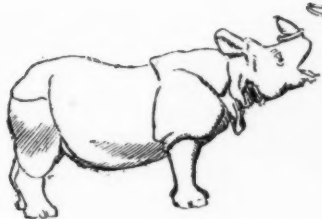
TO BRIGHTEN UP THE ZOO.



GIANT TORTOISE RACES FOR THE OLD PEOPLE.



LEAVING THE LEAP FOR THE MASSES.



"RINGING THE RHINO." A GAME FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



drawn by W. H. -

ALLIGATOR RIDES FOR FAMILY PARTIES.

ROBIN, THE SEA-BOY.

Ho, ruddy-cheeked boys and curly maids,
Who deftly ply your pails and spades,
All you who sturdily take your stand
On your pebble-buttressed forts of sand,
And thence defy
With a fearless eye
And a burst of rollicking high-pitched laughter
The stealthy, trickling waves that lap you
And the crested breakers that tumble after
To souse and batter you, sting and sap you—
All you roll-about rackets little folk,
Down-again, up-again, not-a-bit brittle folk,
Attend, attend,

And let each girl and boy
Join in a loud "Ahoy!"

For, lo, he comes, your tricksy little friend,
From the clear caverns of his crystal home
Beyond the tossing ridges of the foam:
Planner of sandy romps and wet delights,
Robin the Sea-boy, prince of ocean-sprites,
Is come, is come to lead you in your play
And fill your hearts with mirth and jocund sport to-day!

What! Can't you see him? There he stands
On a sheer rock and lifts his hands,
A little lad not three feet high,
With dancing mischief in his eye.
His body gleams against the light,
A clear-cut shape of dazzling white
Set off and topped by golden hair
That streams and tosses in the air.
A moment poised, he dares the leap
And cuts the wind and cleaves the deep,
Down through the emerald vaults self-hurled
That roof the sea-god's awful world.
Another moment sees him rise
And beat the salt spray from his eyes.
He breasts the waves, he spurns their blows;
Then, like a rocket, up he goes,
Up, up to where the gusty wind
With all its wrath is left behind;
Still up he soars and high and high,
A speck of light that dots the sky.
Then watch him as he slowly droops
Where the great sea-birds wheel their troops.
Three broad-winged gulls, himself their lord,
He hitches to a silken cord,
Bits them and bridles them with skill
And bids them draw him where he will.
Above the tumult of the shores
He floats, he stoops, he darts, he soars;
From near and far he calls the rest
And waves them forward for a quest;
Then straight, without a check, he speeds
Across the azure tracts and leads
With apt reproof and cheering words
As on a chase his cry of birds.

And when he has finished his airy fun
And all his flights and his swoops are done
He will drop to the shore and lend a hand
In building a castle of weed and sand.
He will cover with flints its frowning face
To keep the tide in its proper place,
And the waves shall employ their utmost damp art
In vain to abolish your moated rampart.
And nobody's nurse shall make a fuss,
As is far too often the case with us;

Instead of the usual how-de-do
She will give us praise when we get wet through;
In fact she will smile and think it better
When we get as wet as we like and wetter.
As for eating too much, you can safely risk it
With chocolate, lollipop, cake, and biscuit,
And your mother will revel with high delight
In the state of her own one's appetite.
Great shells there shall be of a rainbow hue
To be found and gathered by me and you;
Wonderful nets for the joy of making 'em,
And scores of shrimps for the trouble of taking 'em;
In fact it isn't half bad—now is it?—
When Robin the Sea-boy pays his visit.
And perhaps he will tire of his shape and habit
And change and turn to a frisky rabbit,
A plump young gadabout cheerful fellow
With a twitching nose and a coat of yellow,
And never the smallest trace of fear
From his flashing scut to his flattened ear.

But, lo, there's a hint of coming rain,
So, presto, Robin is back again.
He lifts his head and he cocks his eye
And waves his hand and prepares to fly—
"Good-bye, Robin, good-bye, good-bye!"

R. C. L.

THE STAMP.

It is a very difficult case.

What should a perfectly nice, respectable person do with an insurance stamp stuck to the roof of his mouth? I may, perhaps, mention (since it will anyhow transpire later on) that I am the person. Should I join an approved society and throw the duty of cancelling it on to them?

* * * * *
"Richard," said Muriel's mother (I am engaged to Muriel), "please stick this stamp on here!"

Now, I am one who habitually rushes into perilous enterprises with a recklessness that amounts almost to criminal levity. I took the stamp lightly between the thumb and forefinger of my right hand, holding the card in my left. I then assumed a detached air, and carelessly placed the stamp upon my tongue.

Muriel at that moment entered the room, the early morning dew (as the saying is) still upon her. I rushed forward to shake hands with her—I am engaged to Muriel. As we stood hand in hand, it dawned upon me that I still had my tongue out and that the stamp was still on it. It is curious how quickly one's mind works in a crisis like this. At once I realised that this was hardly the manner in which to greet Muriel (to whom, I think I said, I am engaged). Like a flash I drew my tongue back into my mouth.

It must have been almost twelve minutes afterwards when I remembered the stamp. The reason for the delay is obvious, for I *know* I told you I am engaged to Muriel. A further two minutes passed, and then I found myself sitting down with my head well back, Muriel holding a looking-glass and a lighted candle, and her mother trying to separate the stamp from its last resting place with the point of a hat-pin. You see, I had, purely by misadventure, placed the stamp on my tongue upside down. My own efforts were confined to the suggestion that a well-worn crochet hook might not have quite so penetrating a point.

The same evening I wrote to the Insurance Commissioners. A fortnight later I received their reply—a leaflet giving minute directions about what to do when your card is full, under a ten-pound penalty.

It's all very, very difficult.



Black Sam. "HULLO, JACK! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU DON'T LOOK YOURSELF."

Jack. "GOT NOTHING TO DO. THEY WASHED ME YESTERDAY WITH THAT BEASTLY INSECT-KILLER."

AIDS TO HUSBAND-KEEPING.

WE have so often been asked to give a few simple culinary hints for inexperienced wives, that we have at last consulted our Mr. Gordon Blew, who has sent us the following, for which we accept no responsibility:—

A dainty little *chevaux de frise* is an appetising dish for a husband after a hard day, and should win a pleasant smile from him. Though possessing a French name, its origin is probably German. For it is in the Fatherland that the sausage has reached its perihelion, and there it is held that a well-cooked *chevaux de frise* is the last word in gastronomy. The method of preparing it—or rather, them—is really quite simple, and need not deter a real trier. The "little horses"—as they used to be called at the Continental casinos, where they were at one time a standing dish—should be baked in clay in the same way that gipsies prepare hedgehogs for the table. When the clay is quite hard, it should be broken, and the spikes will be found to have adhered to it. Serve hot with a little melted butter.

M. ESCOFFIER, in the intervals of teaching French to his illustrious pupil

in Paris, has been writing what might be termed a monolith on Cookery in the Stone Age, and is said to have come across some delightful recipes among the archives in the library of the Arsenal.

Were it not that the antediluvian is too elusive nowadays to figure in the menu on washing days, *côtelettes de mégathérium*—according to M. ESCOFFIER—would be a capital Monday dish for the young housewife to grapple with. In the old days, when the monsters were to be had without the asking, a sun-scorched rock and a paper-bag were all that were necessary, and one might almost say that dear old "Meg" did the rest. Also there were no complaints, and the rude forefathers of the hamlet—or "lads of the village," as they are now called—usually slept soundly—oh! so soundly—after the meal.

But cheer up, little wife, the crustaceans are still with us, the steak pie, the sausage roll and the apple dumpling. Edwin's teeth are young (perhaps even unpaid for) and love will sharpen them. So make pastry and fear not. After all, what is this making of pastry? A mere matter of flour, water and a roller. Whether the outer casing is to

contain steak, sausage or apple, the same kind of armour-plate, cold rolled, does for the lot. Steak pie has to be cooked in a dish—of course, you guessed that—and a fancy edging of the paste is usually moulded on round the top of the dish, but if you should forget it before insertion in the oven it can be baked by itself and riveted on afterwards.

"Mr. Minnett's slow one again claimed a victim, Woolley being out leg before."

Mr. Laurence Woodhouse in "The Daily Mail."

"Minnett, however, had him lbw. to a fast one."

Mr. A. C. Maclaren in "The Daily Mail."

Which shows the advantage of having two descriptive correspondents at a Test Match.

"Despatches from Dukkale, in Morocco, state that the district is said to be again becoming serious."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

The Gloomy Dean of Dukkale had frequently pointed out the distressing levity of the age.

"Hungerford v. Kintbury: At Hungerford on Wednesday in last week. Both sides were short, as some rain was expected next day."

Newbury Weekly News.

Fortunately this custom did not obtain at the Oval last week.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

CLEARLY Mr. CHARLES GLEIG must be numbered with the iconoclasts. In my humble inexperience I had always supposed that to woo and win a lady from the lighter musical stage was an affair of some dash and gallantry, not to say romance. Mr. GLEIG has changed all that, however, with *A Woman in the Limelight* (METHUEN). With laborious and detailed realism he has drawn a portrait of the musical comedy actress that is about as unattractive a thing as can well be imagined. Not only has he set himself to strip the gilt off this gingerbread, but (if I may follow the metaphor) to show us how it is made: the cheap butter, dubious eggs, and pernicious colouring-matter that go to its composition. Naturally the result is not too exhilarating. One can hardly dwell of intention upon the sordid for three hundred pages and escape depression. Nor am I by any means certain that the example by which he sets out to prove his case is a fair one. The caddishness of *Jessie Anglehart*, convincing enough in itself, depends more upon the fact that she was by nature a mercenary and repellent character than that she sang in the chorus. I admit that *Noel's* courting of her and the phases of his gradual disillusionment are very skilfully told. The *Anglehart* family and the slovenly slug-a-bed home in West Kensington is quite a little triumph of depressing realism. But I have also the feeling that it is all hardly worth while. The other two figures in a very small cast are somewhat shadowy: *Wilmot*, the friend of *Noel*, and the girl, high-born but equally frail, from whom, like the hero, he turns contemptuously in the last chapter. Almost one suspects Mr. GLEIG of being a misogynist.

With Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE it's not
The story, but the point of view;
Not what his people do, but what
They could, might, would or ought to do.

Thus, in *The Narrow*—that's the name—
Escape of Lady Hardwell, he
Contrives of simple facts to frame
A tale of deep complexity.

The man's engaged; the lady wed;
They love each other (which is wrong);
They talk it over, head to head,
But never seem to push along.

The pace is leisurely, and yet
The thing's so well, so deftly done
That MOORE and CONSTABLE should get
Between them quite a decent run.

Nobody likes adventure stories better than I, and nobody writes pleasanter ones than Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

The meeting between *The Big Fish* (METHUEN) and myself should have been historic. Unfortunately, the Fish did not rise to the occasion. I am hard to please now, for I remember Mr. WATSON's other books — *The Golden Precipice*; *Hurricane Island*; best of all, *The Adventurers*. His latest story has not quite the same charm, though it deals, as all good stories should, with buried treasure. There was an island in *The Golden Precipice*; perhaps it was the island that I missed. There was no love interest in *The Adventurers*; more likely it was the love interest that I regretted. It is a legitimate grievance of women that there is really no room for them in treasure-hunts; as STEVENSON knew. Too often they are allowed in from politeness only; the author's soul is not in the love business. There is a heroine provided for *The Big Fish*, and Mr. WATSON tries hard to pretend that she was there, but one reader at least he cannot persuade to believe in her. I am all for *Coop*, the little Cockney villain. I take *Coop* to my heart, and sternly wave *Mercédès Varley* back.



THE ABOVE GENTLEMAN, WITH POETIC ASPIRATIONS AND NO CAPITAL, HAVING READ SOMEWHERE THAT A RUNNING STREAM WAS A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION, GETS PERMISSION FROM HIS LANDLADY TO SIT BESIDE THE SINK FOR A FEW HOURS EVERY MORNING.

Mr. BARRY PAIN's *Stories Without Tears* (MILLS AND BOON), although marked by the imaginative power to be found in all his works, do not, to my mind, show him at his best. If they are "without tears," like the reading-primer of our youth, they are also not particularly mirth-provoking. I can read any one of them without holding my sides. But after all it is hardly fair to Mr. PAIN to expect him always to be funny. And most of them have either a touch of quaint fancy or a delicately satirical point of view, or both. On private school education, courtship, marriage, jerry-building, the jury system, card-playing and other topics of everyday life, he looks with the eye of a man who is quietly amused by

the weakness and inconsistency of human nature. He is not out for blood or sensational effects. He invents no thrilling scenes of passion or romance, and you neither love nor hate any of his characters. But he never offends you by incredible positions or bad workmanship. He sticks to the plane of the true and the commonplace, but at the same time he lifts his stories above it, and in getting at the heart of things is much more artistic than most short-story writers of the day.

"In 1829, during BUCKINGHAM's war with France, Port Royal was captured by the English, as was also Quebec itself—a fact which is not often remembered."—*Times*.

But a misprint in a *Times* leader generally is.

"Found, White Fox Terrier Dog. Apply, with name on collar, 51, Park-road, Regent's Park."—*Add. in "Daily Telegraph."*

It is an unusual method of introduction, but it will save us taking our card-case.

"What is life? What is the vital element which keeps us alive and all living beings as well? This is the underlying problem of the science called piology."—*South Wales Daily News*.

People we have never met. I. A Piologist.